



No. 51



The BATMAN

# Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MAY

10¢







# BAT MAN

WITH  
**Robin**  
-THE BOY WONDER-

WHEN CROOKS TAKE OVER AN AMUSEMENT PARK, ALONG WITH THE WEALTH THEY SO EAGERLY SEEK, THEY FIND THEIR DREADED NEMESIS - THE BATMAN! IT IS HE - THE MYSTERIOUS BEING OF THE DARKNESS - AND LAUGHING, THE DARING YOUNG ROBIN THE BOY WONDER, WHO, SIDE BY SIDE, BREAK UP THIS CRAFTY, EVIL GANG AND BRING SWIFT JUSTICE TO THE MINIONS OF CRIME WHO FIGURE IN...  
"THE CASE OF THE MYSTERY CARNIVAL"

BOB  
JANE

ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON, BRUCE WAYNE AND YOUNG DICK GRAYSON GO FOR A CAR RIDE....

BOY, THIS FRESH AIR IS JUST WHAT I NEEDED!

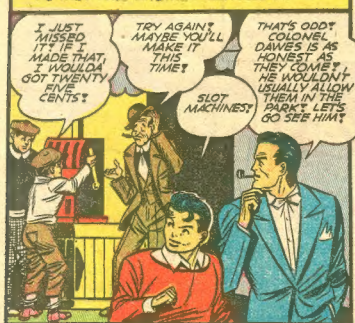
YOU AND ME BOTH! AND BESIDES, THE RIDE WILL TAKE OUR MINDS OFF CRIME FOR A CHANGE!







AS THEY PASS ANOTHER CONCESSION....



THEY ENTER THE ADMINISTRATION OFFICE..



BRUCE PULLS OPEN THE BACK TRUNK OF THE CAR AND PRODUCES TWO COSTUMES....

GOOD THING WE ALWAYS CARRY OUR COSTUMES ALONG JUST IN CASE!

WE'LL WAIT FOR NIGHTFALL AND THEN WE'LL INVESTIGATE OUR BOGUS FRIEND!

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER ARE READY TO MEET SERVERS OF CRIME!

NIGHTFALL! AS THE BOGUS "COLONEL DAVIES" WALKS, HE IS UNAWARE OF TWO FIGURES WHO FOLLOW BEHIND LIKE TWO GRIM SHADOWS...

THERE HE GOES INTO THAT WAX MUSEUM!

WAX MUSEUM

THEY DART PAST THE UNWARY BARKER AND FIND THEMSELVES INSIDE....

SHH! SOMEONE'S COMING!

TWO FIGURES JOIN THE EXHIBIT....

LOOK, HENRY-- WAX FIGURES OF THE BATMAN AND ROBIN THE BOY WONDER! MY DON'T THEY LOOK REAL?

I SHOULD SAY THEY DO. ANYONE WOULD THINK THEY WERE ALIVE!

WHEN THE PATRONS HAVE GONE, THE TWO FIGURES COME TO LIFE....

THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!

CLOSE ENOUGH! NOW LET'S GET GOING-- HE WENT DOWN THIS WAY!

THEY PUSH OPEN A DOOR....

WHAT A CREEPY PLACE! MUST BE THE STORE ROOM!

QUIET! ROOSTERS!

CLOP CLOP CLOP

THE OLD CARETAKER SHUFFLES NEAR....

HELLO, NAPOLEON! I JUST SAW THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. HE WAS ASKING ABOUT YOU... AND YOU HUNCHBACK--IT'S TIME TO RING THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME!

I NEVER SAW YOU TWO BEFORE, BUT NO MATTER-- YOU ARE WELCOME TO JOIN MY LITTLE FAMILY. I'LL COME BACK AND TALK TO YOU LATER... HEE HEE...



AGAIN THE BATMAN AND ROBIN FLIT SILENTLY IN THE GLOOM-- WHEN --

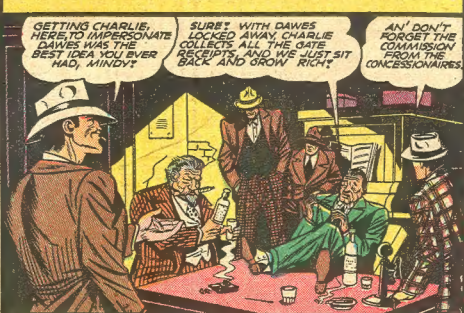


VOICE?

HOW DID YOU BOYS DO SO FAR TODAY?

NOT BAD, MINDY-- NOT BAD!

THE BATMAN PLACES HIS EYES AGAINST A CRACK IN THE DOOR AND SEES....



GETTING CHARLIE, HERE, TO IMPERSONATE DAWES WAS THE BEST IDEA YOU EVER HAD, MINDY?

SURE? WITH DAWES LOCKED AWAY, CHARLIE COLLECTS ALL THE GATE RECEIPTS, AND WE JUST SIT BACK AND GROW RICH!

AN' DON'T FORGET THE COMMISSION FROM THE CONCESSIONAIRES.



OKAY, BOYS, LINE UP, AND LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS! HOW DID YOU DO WITH THE SLOT MACHINES, JOE?

PRETTY GOOD?

I HAD A CINCH IN PICKIN' POCKETS!

ME, TOO!

AS THE ILLEGAL PROFITS ARE SHARED, OUTSIDE, ROBIN ACCIDENTALLY LEANS AGAINST A WAX FIGURE....



LOOK OUT!

UN?

TOO LATE? THE FIGURE TOPPLES AND CRASHES TO THE FLOOR.

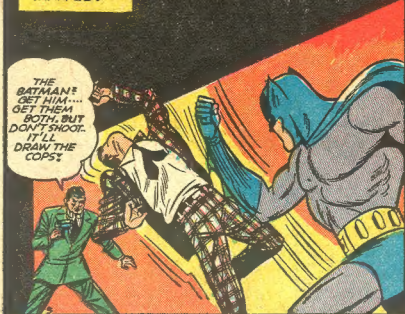


WHAT WAS DAT?

THAT NUTTY WATCHMAN MUSTA KNOCKED SOMETHIN' OVER IN THE DARK?

NOT HIM! HE KNOWS THIS PLACE LIKE A BOOK! OPEN THAT DOOR?

TRAPPED?



THE BATMAN? GET HIM.... GET THEM BOTH, BUT DON'T SHOOT. IT'LL DRAW THE COPS!

THE BATMAN AND ROBIN FIGHT LIKE TWO TIGERS, BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO OVERWHELMING



THAT'S IT? WE GOT 'EM NOW?

THEY ARE SECURELY TRUSSED AND  
TOSSED INTO A ROOM.....

I DON'T  
LIKE THIS,  
MINDY...  
SOMETHIN'S  
WRONG!

YEAH---  
HOW DID  
THE BATMAN  
KNOW OUR  
GAME?

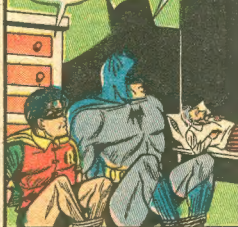
WE'VE GOT TO  
WORK FAST.  
YOU GUYS GO  
OUT AND PULL  
AS MANY  
HOLDUPS  
AS YOU CAN--  
THEN WE'LL  
GET OUTA  
HERE!



THE MEN LEAVE.....

THIS IS  
NOT SO...  
LOOK OVER  
THERE ON  
THE BED!

DAWSEY  
THE REAL  
COLONEL  
DAWES!



THE BATMAN CALLS DAWES,  
BUT HE DOES NOT ANSWER...

SOMETHING'S  
WRONG!  
HE DOESN'T  
EVEN  
WAKE  
UP.

YET, HE'S  
ALIVE!  
I CAN  
HEAR HIM  
BREATHING.  
IF ONLY  
I COULD  
GET FREE!



HOURS PASS, WHEN  
SUDDENLY THE DOOR  
OPENS--AND A BENT  
FIGURE ENTERS THE ROOM--

TIED YOU,  
UP, DIDN'T  
THEY?  
HEE HEE



THE  
CARETAKER--

...AND  
WE'VE  
GOT A KNIFE?

THE KNIFE DESCENDS--TO CUT  
THEIR BONDS?

I SAW THEM--  
I SAW THEM THE  
YOU UP? I MUST  
FREE YOU SO YOU  
CAN GO BACK TO  
YOUR PLACES AND  
JOIN MY LITTLE  
FAMILY  
AGAIN!

THE POOR  
MAN THINKS  
WE'RE STILL  
WAX FIGURES--  
FROM HIS  
LITTLE FAMILY,  
AS HE CALLS  
IT!



HE'S  
BREATHING  
HEAVILY,  
BUT HIS  
HEART  
ACTION IS  
WEAK? HE'S  
BEEN  
DRUGGED?

WE'D  
BETTER  
GET HIM  
TO A  
DOCTOR  
RIGHT  
AWAY!

HEE  
HEE?



I'LL TAKE HIM  
TO ONE. YOU STAY  
HERE AND TRY TO  
STOP MINDY'S  
GANG WITHOUT  
GETTING HURT.

RIGHT?



AFTER THE BATMAN HAS GONE, ROBIN  
CAUTIOUSLY STEPS OUT INTO THE  
WAX MUSEUM WHEN--

LOOK....  
THE KID  
THAT WORKS  
WITH  
THE  
BATMAN!

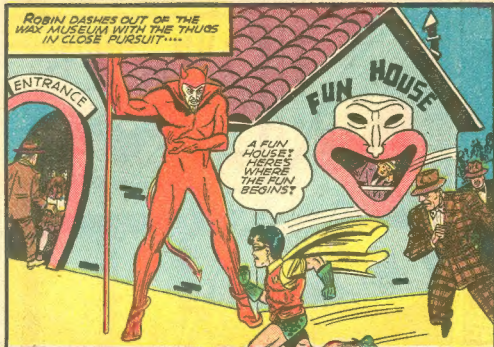
GET HIM  
BEFORE  
HE CALLS  
THE COPS!  
C'MON!

OH-  
OH!





ROBIN DASHES OUT OF THE WAX MUSEUM WITH THE THUGS IN CLOSE PURSUIT....

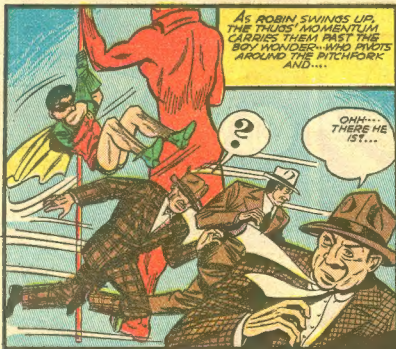


A FUN HOUSE! HERE'S WHERE THE FUN BEGINS!

ROBIN SPRINGS....



I CAN SEE WHERE I'M GOING TO HAVE QUITE A PARTY!



AS ROBIN SWINGS UP, THE THUGS' MOMENTUM CARRIES THEM PAST THE BOY WONDER—WHO PIVOTS AROUND THE PITCHFORK AND....

OH... THERE HE IS...



LEFT YOURSELVES WIDE OPEN, DIDN'T YOU?



ROBIN DARTS INSIDE AND BOLTS THROUGH ONE OF THE MANY SIMILAR FUN HOUSE DOORS.....

LET'S SEE WHERE THIS LEADS TO....



THE THUGS RACE UP AND ARE CONFUSED BY THE MANY SIMILAR FUN HOUSE DOORS.

THEY'RE ALL THE SAME! WHICH ONE DID HE GO THROUGH?

I DUNNO—I'LL TRY THIS ONE!



BOOO!

① AT LAST THEY FIND THE RIGHT DOOR AND ENTER ANOTHER ROOM....

WHERE'D  
DAT  
BRAT  
GO  
NOW?

YEAH--  
WHERE  
IS HE?



2

GIANT  
SLIDE

HEY,  
BOYS--  
HERE I  
AM!

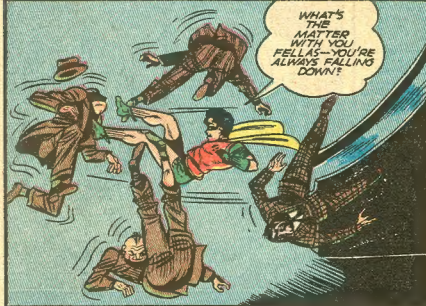
FUN HOUSE

FUNNY MIRRORS



③ THE GUNMEN GO DOWN AGAIN!

WHAT'S  
THE  
MATTER  
WITH YOU  
FELLAS--YOU'RE  
ALWAYS FALLING  
DOWN!



WHEN THE THUGS RISE TO THEIR FEET AGAIN, THEY SEE ROBIN CALMLY RIDING AROUND ON THE SPINNING FLOOR....

DERE  
HE  
IS?

LEMME  
AT 'IM!  
I'LL  
MOIDER  
'IM!

LET'S  
SEE  
YOU GET  
OUTA  
THIS!



THEY RANCB THEMSELVES ABOUT THE SPINNING FLOOR, READY TO POUNCE ON HIM WHEN HE STEPS OFF...

GET OUT!  
REALLY, IT'S  
SO  
SIMPLE!



ROBIN MERELY STICKS OUT HIS BALLED FISTS--AND THE SPINNING FLOOR DOES THE REST!





THE THUGS WEARILY PICK THEMSELVES UP AND GIVE CHASE...AND STEP ON A RUBBER FLOOR THIS TIME!

DE FLOOR IS MOVIN'!

HELP!

IT MUST BE A EART'QUAKE!

I GET A KICK OUT OF THIS-- HOW ABOUT YOU BOYS?

THE BOY WONDER BOUNCES UP AND DOWN LIKE A JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

SO SORRY-- SOMEBODY MUST BE ROCKING THE BOAT!

OOF!

LIFE HAS ITS UPS AND DOWNS, HASN'T IT?

THEN AS THE HOODLUMS GAIN THE STATIONARY FLOOR, ROBIN GREET'S EACH ONE-- PERSONALLY!

HYA-- CHUM! I'LL PUNCH THE BUTTON FOR THE NEXT TRIP!

ONE GOES INTO A SPINNING BARREL....

GO AHEAD... HAVE YOUR BARREL OF FUN!

ANOTHER IS UNWILLINGLY SEATED IN A CHAIR FITTED WITH AN ELECTRIC SHOCKER.

SHOCKING THING ISN'T IT?

OWWW! I'VE BEEN ELECTROCUTED!

AFTER ROBIN LEAVES THE THUGS AND GOES ON HIS WAY....

FUNNY MIRRORS

SHUT UP, DOPEY! THIS IS ONE O' THEM FUNNY MIRRORS!

WHAT A SOCK DAT KID HAS! HEY! LOOK AT WHAT HE DONE TO MY FACE! IT'S ALL OUT A SHAPE!

OH, YEAH... WELL, I AIN'T LAUGHIN'! I REALLY GOT LUMPS!

MEANWHILE, MINDY'S MOBSTERS HAVE  
BEGUN A SERIES OF DARING HOLOUPS....  
WHEN SUDDENLY ONE LOOKS VERY FOOLISH  
AND SLUMPS TO THE GROUND.....

OKAY---  
LETS---WHA...  
WHAT'S  
THE MATTER  
WITH JOEY?

AND ANOTHER.....



HELLO,  
CHUM---  
JUST A  
LITTLE  
PRACTISE  
TO KEEP  
MY ARM  
IN TRIM!

THE--  
THE  
BATMAN?

FRANTIC, THE THUG STARTS TO RUN, WHEN  
THERE IS A HUMMING NOISE AND....

THIS OUGHT  
TO PROVE I'M  
JUST AS GOOD  
AS ROBIN IS  
AT THROWING  
A BALL!

LATER, THE BATMAN  
CROUCHES ATOP  
CIRCUS TENT....HE LOOKS  
DOWN UPON THE VAST  
THROGS BELOW HIM...

A HOLDUP  
NEAR THE  
AIRPLANE RIDE?  
BY THE TIME  
I GET THROUGH  
THE CROWD, THE  
COMMOION WILL  
WARN THEM! AH--  
I'VE GOT A  
BETTER IDEA!

THE BATMAN RACES  
TOWARD THE  
'AIRPLANE RIDE'...  
A LITHE SPRING....

GOOD  
THING  
THE  
RIDE  
IS JUST  
STARTING!

ROUND AND ROUND  
GO THE PLANES...  
GATHERING MORE  
MOMENTUM... AND  
CLINGING FAST IS  
THE BATMAN....



ABRUPTLY, THE BATMAN RELEASES HIS TENACIOUS GRIP. THE CENTRIFUGAL FORCE SENDS HIS FORM WHIPPING OVER THE CROWD LIKE A RELEASED ARROW....



.... AND HE DROPS LIKE A PLUMMET TO THE BACKS OF THE HOLD-UP MEN!?

GREETINGS, RATS? YOU'VE GOT COMPANY!

UGH!

OOF!



THE BATMAN'S FIST SNAKES OUT... ONE... TWO?

BE GOOD BOYS AND YOU'LL ONLY GET HIT ONCE!



BACK IN HIS HIDEOUT, MINDY TALKS MURDEREDLY WITH HIS CRONY, THE FAKE DAWES ....

YEAH? THE BOYS TOLD ME THAT MEANS WE GOTTA GET AWAY FROM HERE FAST!

YEAH? THE BOYS TOLD ME THAT MEANS WE GOTTA GET AWAY FROM HERE FAST!



SUDDENLY, A LIVING WHIRLWIND SWEEPS INTO THE ROOM....

YOU TWO ARE NOT GOING ANYPLACE-YET!

THE BATMAN!



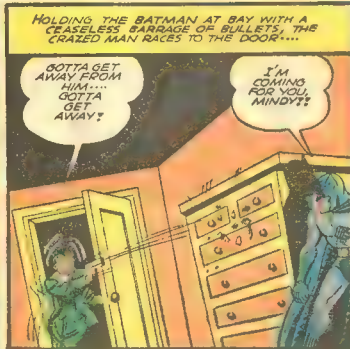
DESPERATELY, MINDY TUGS AT HIS OLIN. THE BATMAN THROWS HIMSELF TO THE SIDE AS A BULLET SCREAMS PAST HIS CHEEK....



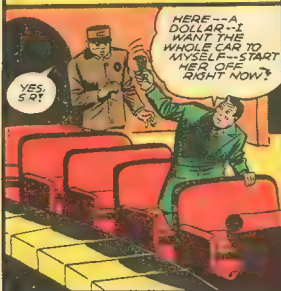
HOLDING THE BATMAN AT BAY WITH A CEASELESS BARRAGE OF BULLETS, THE CRAZED MAN RACES TO THE DOOR....

GOTTA GET AWAY FROM HIM... GOTTA GET AWAY!

I'M COMING FOR YOU, MINDY!

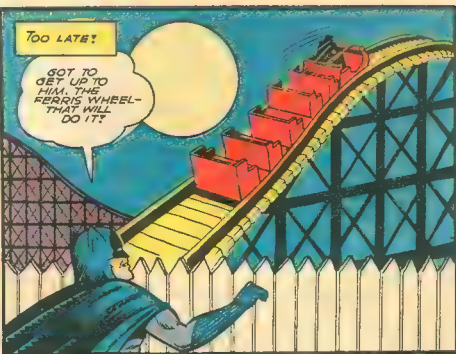


HIS TERROR GROWING, MINDY DARTS TOWARD THE SCENIC RAILWAY, HOPING TO SHAKE HIS RELENTLESS PURSUER....



TOO LATE!

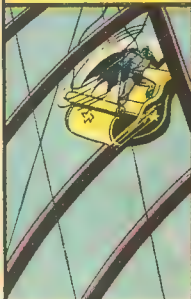
GOT TO GET UP TO HIM. THE FERRIS WHEEL-- THAT WILL DO IT!



THE BATMAN LEAPS TOWARD A RISING CAR OF THE FERRIS WHEEL



UP--UP--UP GOES THE BATMAN AS THE CAR ASCENDS.

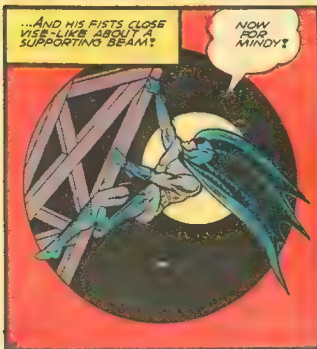


THE CAR REACHES ITS HIGHEST POINT THE BATMAN FLINGS HIMSELF TOWARD THE SCENIC RAILWAY STRUCTURE

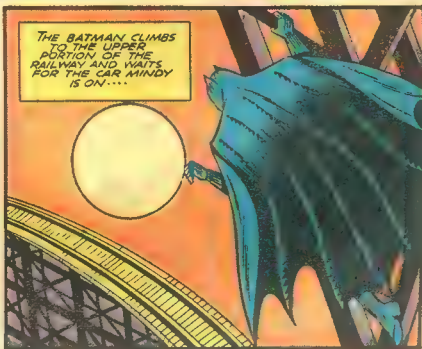


...AND HIS FISTS CLOSE VISE-LIKE ABOUT A SUPPORTING BEAM?

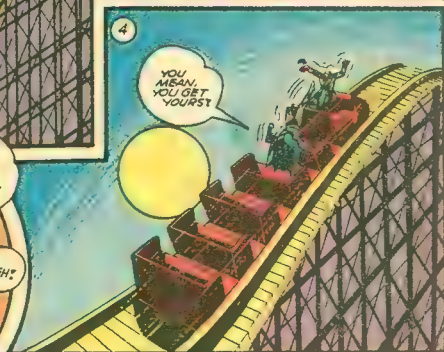
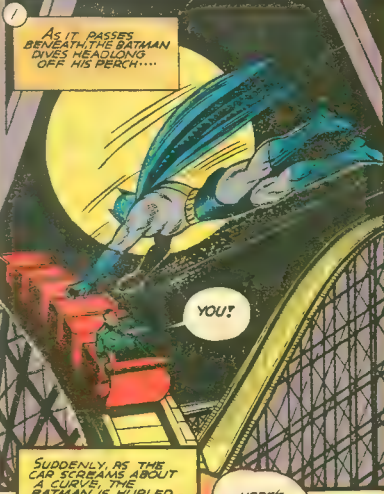
NOW FOR MINDY!



THE BATMAN CLIMBS TO THE UPPER PORTION OF THE RAILWAY AND WAITS FOR THE CAR MINDY IS ON....

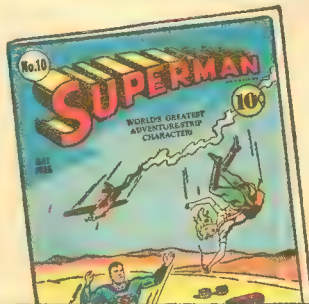






# PRIVATE!

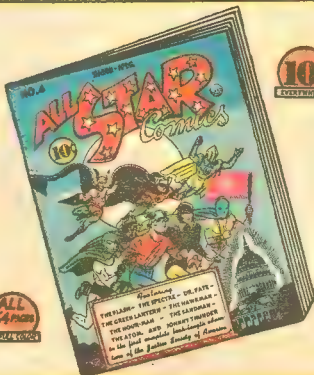
FOR **SUPERMAN** FANS ONLY  
(—AND WHO ISN'T?)



ANOTHER  
THRILLING ISSUE  
CRAMMED FULL OF THE  
STUPENDOUS EXPLOITS  
OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE  
ADVENTURE CHARACTER!

**NOW ON SALE  
EVERYWHERE**

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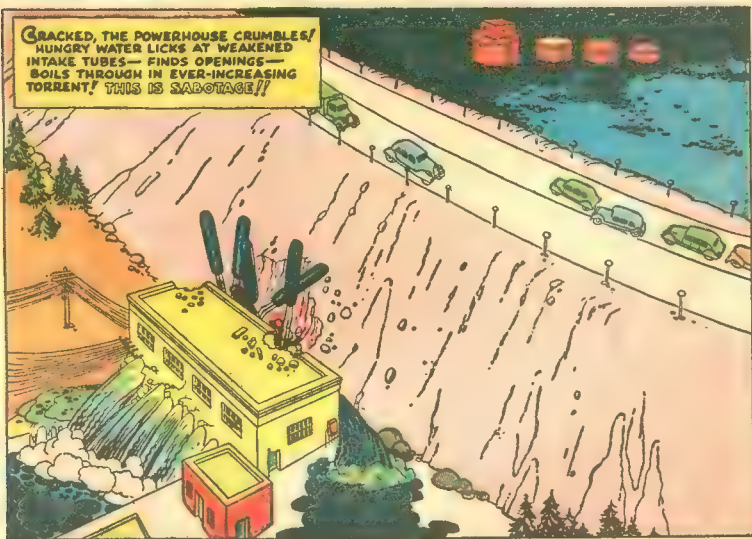
# SPY

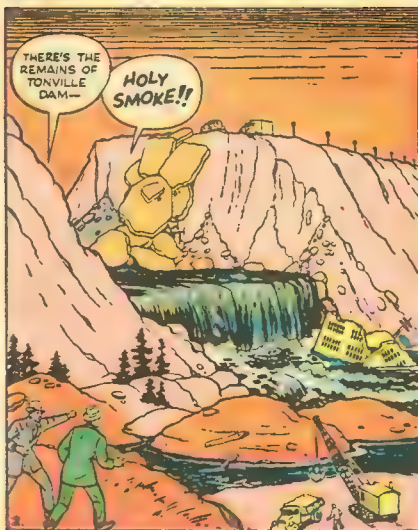
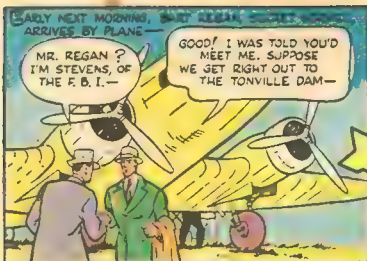
by JERRY SIEGEL  
and ED MOORE

BOOM

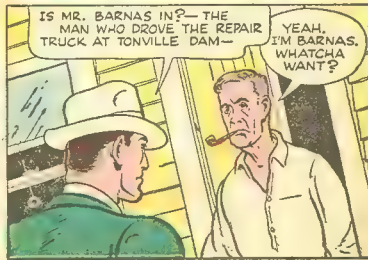
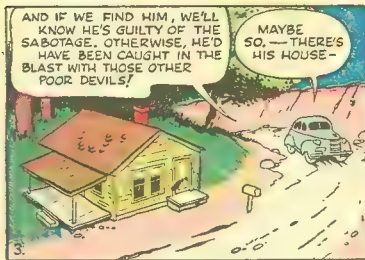
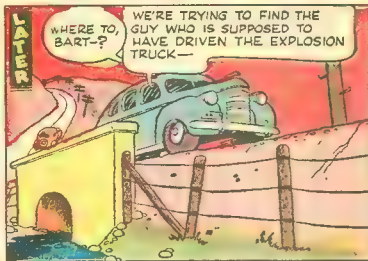
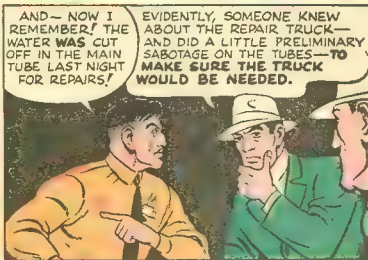
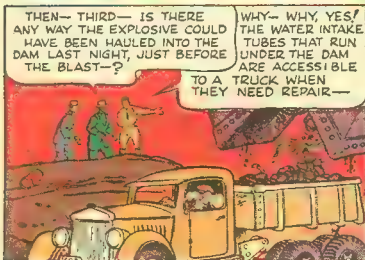
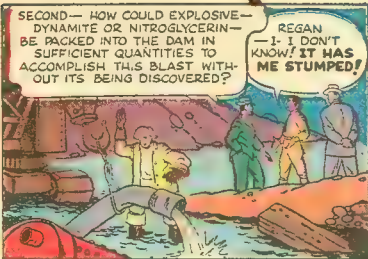
FROM SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE  
GIANT TONVILLE DAM, A  
GREAT, BOOMING EXPLOSION  
ROCKS THE MIGHTY EARTHWORKS!

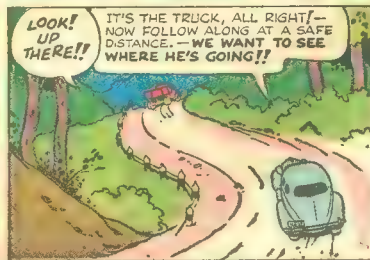
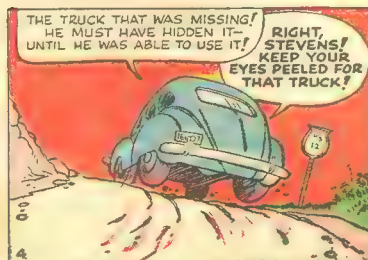
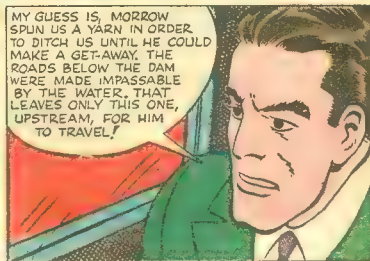
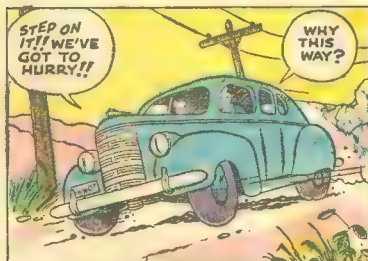
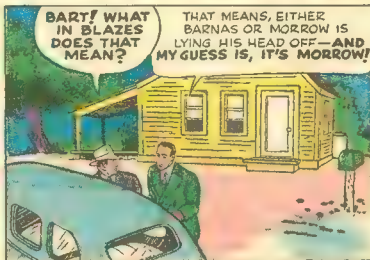
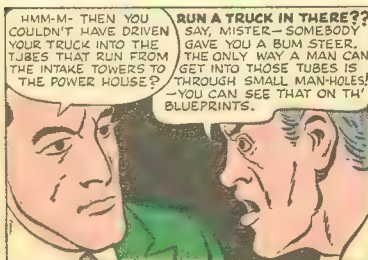
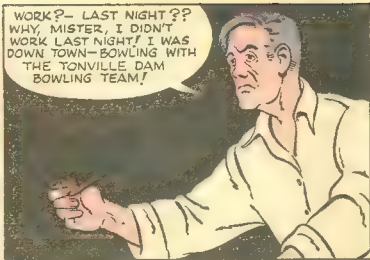
CRACKED, THE POWERHOUSE CRUMBLES/  
HUNGRY WATER LICKS AT WEAKENED  
INTAKE TUBES—FINDS OPENINGS—  
BOILS THROUGH IN EVER-INCREASING  
TORRENT! THIS IS SABOTAGE!!



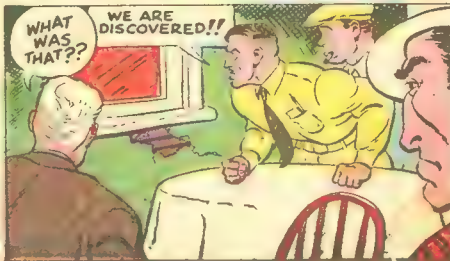
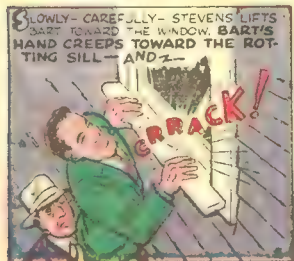
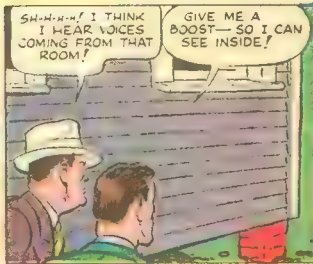
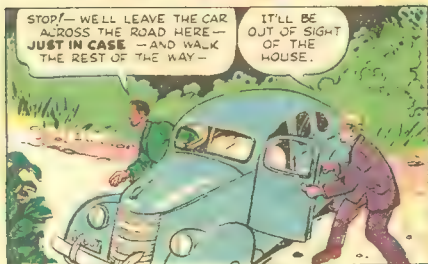
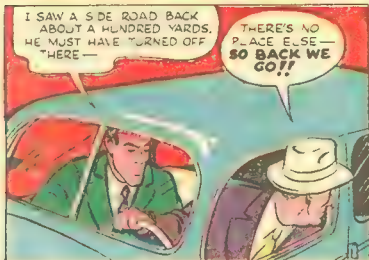


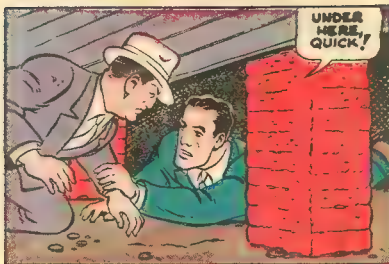




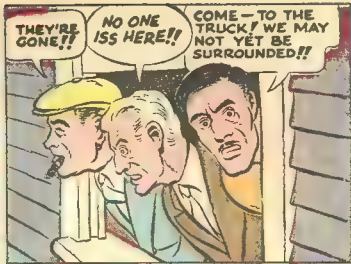








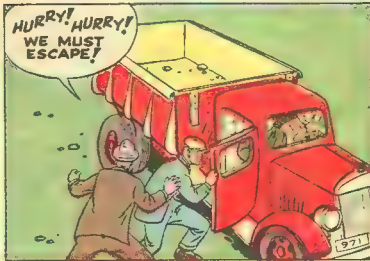
UNDER  
HERE,  
QUICK!



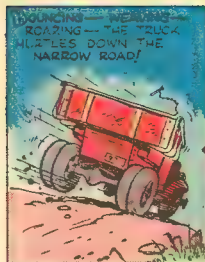
THEY'RE  
GONE!!

NO ONE  
ISS HERE!!

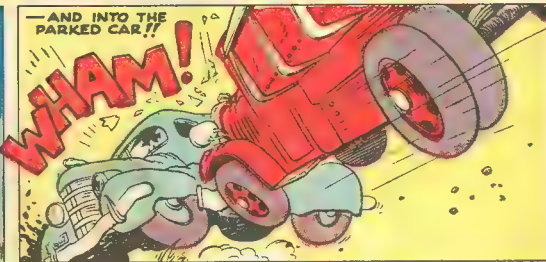
COME—TO THE  
TRUCK! WE MAY  
NOT YET BE  
SURROUNDED!!



HURRY! HURRY!  
WE MUST  
ESCAPE!

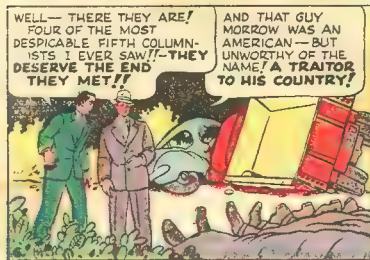


WOUNDED—NEARING  
ROARING—THE TRUCK  
HURDLES DOWN THE  
NARROW ROAD!



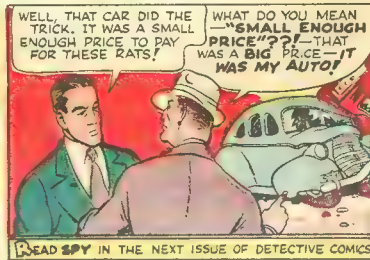
—AND INTO THE  
PARKED CAR!!

WHAM!



WELL—THERE THEY ARE!  
FOUR OF THE MOST  
DESPICABLE FIFTH COLUMN-  
ISTS I EVER SAW!!—THEY  
DESERVE THE END  
THEY MET!!

AND THAT GUY  
MORROW WAS AN  
AMERICAN—BUT  
UNWORTHY OF THE  
NAME! A TRAITOR  
TO HIS COUNTRY!



WELL, THAT CAR DID THE  
TRICK. IT WAS A SMALL  
ENOUGH PRICE TO PAY  
FOR THESE RATS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN  
—"SMALL ENOUGH  
PRICE"???—THAT  
WAS A BIG PRICE—IT  
WAS MY AUTO!

READ SPY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF DETECTIVE COMICS



# fact

by

HENRY  
BOLTING



## U.S. COINS

CANNOT BE CHANGED IN  
DESIGN MORE THAN ONCE  
IN 25 YEARS!



THE GIANT SEQUOIA TREES WERE  
NAMED AFTER A CHEROKEE INDIAN BY  
THAT NAME. IT WAS HE WHO  
COMPILED AN ALPHABET FOR THE  
CHEROKEE TONGUE!

# WIN this CAR!

## JUST SEND US A NAME

We will give this car to you for sending us the most outstanding name for it! Can't you just imagine yourself driving it down the street? IT'S "OP A TOY"—this is a real car and all you have to do to get it is to send us the best name for it. It's a 1936 "Op A Toy" car. It has a 4-cylinder air-cooled gasoline motor, big 16x4-inch balloon tires and a wheel base of 60 inches. It is 88 inches long and 26 inches high and can be driven from 5 to 25 miles per hour, using about only one gallon of gas for each 70 miles.

Send in the name you think fits this car. Names like "Flash- ing Arrow", "Speed King", and "Wonder Racer" are suitable but you can think of a much better one. Remember, the car is just like the one shown in the picture above. It is a BIG, snappy-looking racer with a REAL MOTOR and it will be given to the boy or girl who sends in the best name for it. Send your car name TODAY!



**\$100.00**  
IN ADDITIONAL  
CASH PRIZES

Mail Your  
Name Today

### 25 Prizes for Boys and Girls

In addition to the car, we are also going to give 24 other big cash prizes to the boys and girls sending in the next best names. The car itself is First Prize. Second Prize will be \$30.00; Third Prize will be \$15.00; Fourth Prize will be \$10.00; Fifth Prize will be \$5.00; and the next 20 prizes will be \$2.00 each. Duplicate prizes will be paid in the event of ties. This offer is open to everyone living in the United States with the exception of those who have won major cash prizes from us since January 1, 1936. You should

send in but one name for the car and your entry must be mailed before May 24, 1941.

Think of all the fun you would have driving a REAL CAR like this. You would be more popular than ever with a streamlined racer and even running errands would be fun. It pays to be prompt, so send us your name for the car RIGHT AWAY! The name you have in mind now may win a prize. Just write your name for the car on a penny postcard, sign your own name and address and mail it to:

JUNIOR AUTO CLUB, 61 Copper Building, Topeka, Kansas



# THE CRIMSON AVENGER

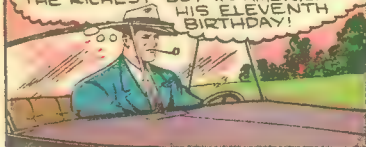
BY  
JACK  
LEHTI

FEARED FOE OF THE UNDERWORLD, THE CRIMSON AVENGER IS KNOWN IN ANOTHER CAPACITY: AS LEE TRAVIS, PUBLISHER OF THE GLOBE-LEADER. IT IS IN THE PERFORMANCE OF HIS DUTIES THAT HE EXPERIENCES ONE OF HIS STRANGEST ADVENTURES



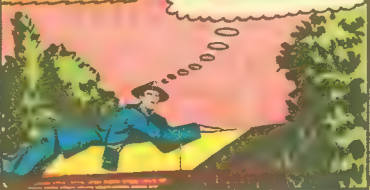
ENROUTE TO  
LONG ISLAND.

SO, ALL MY PHOTO-GRAPHERS HAVE FAILED TO GET A PICTURE OF THE VAN DORN KID! IT'D BE A FEATHER IN THE GLOBE-LEADER'S CAP IF IT CARRIED A PHOTO OF THE RICHEST BOY IN AMERICA ON HIS ELEVENTH BIRTHDAY!



ARRIVING AT  
THE ESTATE  
HE PARKS  
AND —

I DON'T THINK  
I'D GET THROUGH  
THE FRONT DOOR.



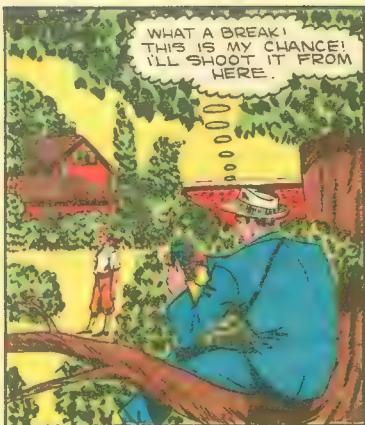
NOW, TO FIND —  
VOICES! SOMEONE'S  
COMING! BETTER NOT  
BE FOUND HERE!



OH, HEAVENS! I  
FORGOT THE BOOK!  
WILFRED YOU STAY  
HERE. I'M GOING  
BACK TO GET IT —  
THEN, WE CAN  
PROCEED WITH YOUR  
FRENCH LESSON!

VERY WELL,  
MISS TILSON.





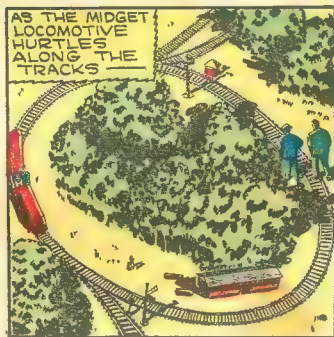
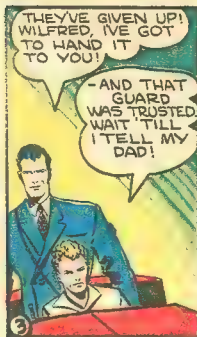
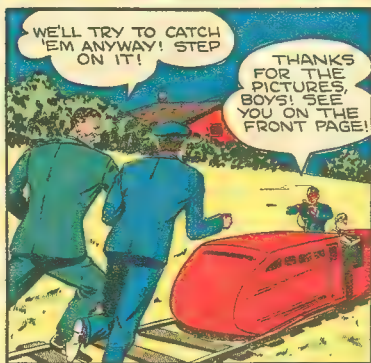
SUDDENLY,  
TWO MEN  
SPRING FROM  
A BUSH —

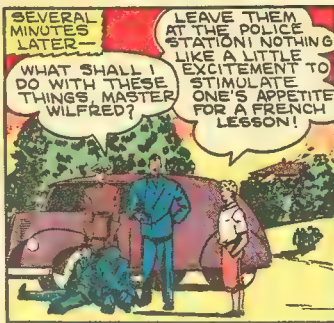
WE AIN'T GONNA  
HURT YOU IF YOU  
KEEP YOUR MOUTH  
SHUT!

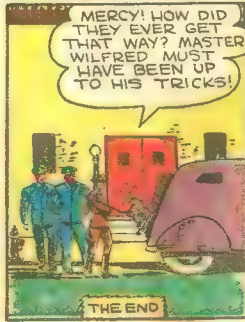
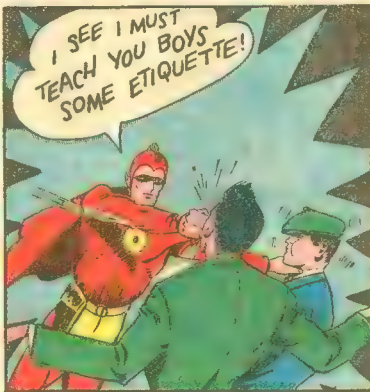
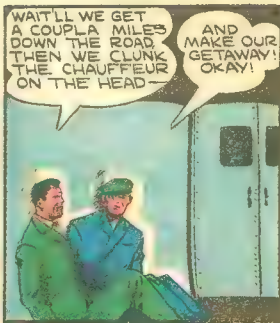
HELP!













# THE 'BIG SIX' COMIC MAGAZINES STILL LEAD THE FIELD!

Watch for these Headline  
Features Every Month!



**SUPERMAN**

ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 22ND  
OF EVERY MONTH



**STAR MAN**

ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 2ND  
OF EVERY MONTH



**BATMAN**

ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 28TH  
OF EVERY MONTH



**GREEN  
LANTERN**

ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 18TH  
OF EVERY MONTH



**SPECTRE**

ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 25TH  
OF EVERY MONTH



**FLASH**

ON SALE ABOUT  
THE 15TH  
OF EVERY MONTH

HUBER STAMP CO. Dept. 2  
1227 Chelton Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

# LARRY STEELE

PRIVATE DETECTIVE



TREENA BLAIR'S BEEN FOUND DEAD AT 112 LAKEVIEW, LARRY!

THE MOVIES ARE GOING TO MISS HER!



YES, I KNEW MISS BLAIR. HER FIANCE IS MY PARTNER. I'M A CHEMIST AND WE PUT OUT 'SEDIARA SCENTS'.

HOW'D YOU COME TO BE HERE?



AT TREENA BLAIR'S APARTMENT —

WHO FOUND THE BODY?

THIS MAN, JAMES PARILLO!



WE HAD AN APPOINTMENT TO DISCUSS SOME NEW PERFUME SHE WAS GOING TO LEND HER NAME TO. I WAS WALKING ALONG THE LAKE DRIVE WHEN I HEARD A SHOT. I RUSHED UP AND FOUND THE BODY!



LARRY SEES A SMALL BOX ON THE FLOOR!

WHAT'S THIS?  
A DIAMOND!  
WHAT A ROCK!





FROM DOMINICK.  
WHO'S DOMINICK?

DOMINICK CHALESE,  
THE NIGHT CLUB OWNER.  
HE'S MY PARTNER IN  
THE PERFUME BUSINESS.

LARRY DECIDES TO VISIT CHALESE.

THAT'S A BRISK WIND  
BLOWING OFF THE  
LAKE TONIGHT.  
SAY, PARILLO, WHERE'S  
YOUR HAT?

THE WIND BLEW IT  
INTO THE LAKE WHEN  
I WAS COMING HERE  
FIFTEEN MINUTES AGO.

SO THIS IS  
CHALESE'S PLACE!

WE'LL GO RIGHT  
THROUGH TO HIS  
PRIVATE OFFICE

I HOPE HE'S IN. HE  
USUALLY IS AT THIS  
TIME

PRIVATE

THIS IS MY  
PARTNER, CHALESE.  
DETECTIVE LARRY  
STEELE.

I'VE HEARD OF  
YOU. BUT I  
HAVEN'T DONE  
ANYTHING!

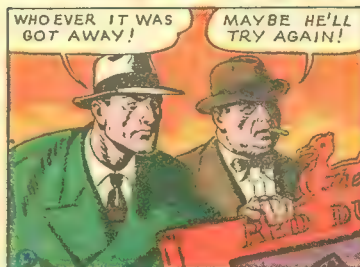
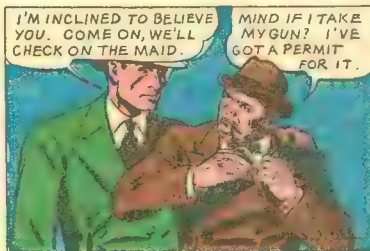
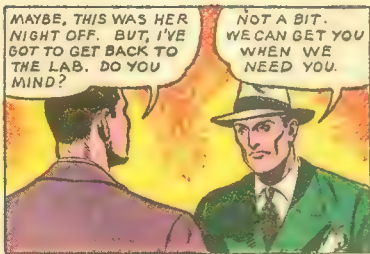
COULD  
BE.

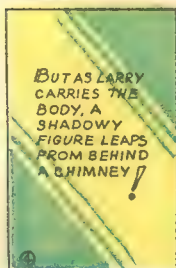
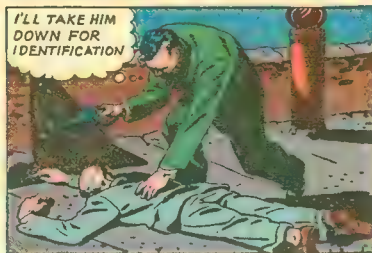
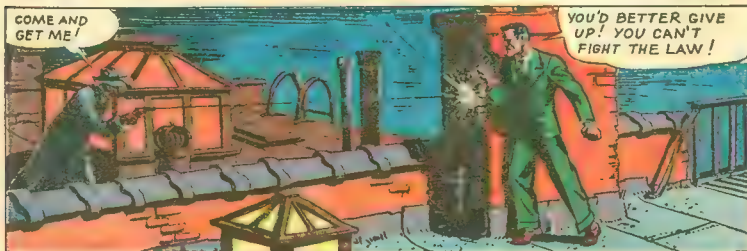
THIS ROCK BELONGS TO  
YOU, DOESN'T IT? I FOUND  
IT NEAR TREENA  
BLAIR'S BODY!

TREENA'S BODY?  
YOU MEAN, SHE'S  
DEAD?

SURE! DON'T  
TELL ME YOU  
DIDN'T KNOW  
ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

STAVIR







THE ASSAILANT HURLS THE BODY FROM THE ROOF

I THINK THEY'LL HAVE A TOUGH TIME IDENTIFYING THAT NOW!



LARRY RECOVERS—

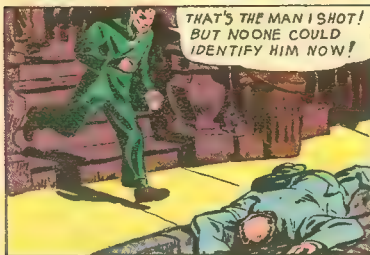
WHAT HAPPENED? PHEW! WHAT'S THAT ODOR?



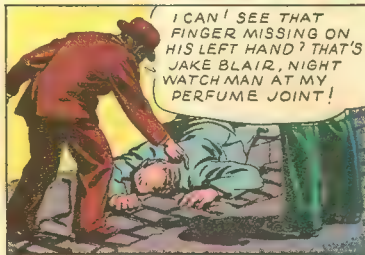
SOMEONE SLUGGED ME! WHERE'S THE BODY?



THAT'S THE MAN I SHOT! BUT NOONE COULD IDENTIFY HIM NOW!

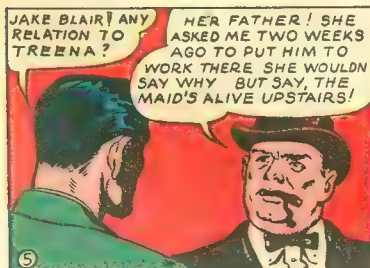


I CAN! I SEE THAT FINGER MISSING ON HIS LEFT HAND? THAT'S JAKE BLAIR, NIGHT WATCHMAN AT MY PERFUME JOINT!



JAKE BLAIR! ANY RELATION TO TREENA?

HER FATHER! SHE ASKED ME TWO WEEKS AGO TO PUT HIM TO WORK THERE. SHE WOULDN'T SAY WHY. BUT SAY, THE MAID'S ALIVE UPSTAIRS!



YOU SAY, YOU DIDN'T SEE WHO SHOT AT YOU?

NO! IT WAS DARK, BUT THERE WERE TWO MEN IN THE ROOM. I'M SURE OF IT!



DON'T BE SILLY! BOTH OF THEM WOULDN'T WANT TO SHOOT YOU! IN FACT, MAYBE NO ONE WOULD!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! LISTEN—

TONIGHT, MISS BLAIR ASKED ME TO GO HOME SAID I COULD HAVE THE EVENING OFF BECAUSE SHE WAS EXPECTING A FRIEND!

YOU MEAN DOMINICK, HERE?

SAY, WHAT IS THIS?

NO! THE MAN SHE WAS EXPECTING WAS—OOOHH!

AS A SHOT RINGS OUT, LARRY MAKES A LEAP FOR THE WINDOW!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY THIS TIME, MY FRIEND! COME RIGHT IN!

THAT'S THE MAN SHE WAS EXPECTING?

OKAY, PARILLO! I HAD AN IDEA YOU WERE MIXED UP IN THIS! WHEN YOU HIT A GUY ON THE HEAD, NEVER WEAR PERFUME!

MISS BLAIR SUSPECTED PARILLO WAS GYPPING DOMINICK, SO SHE HAD HER FATHER, WHO IS AN ACCOUNTANT, TAKE A JOB AS NIGHT WATCHMAN. TONIGHT, SHE WAS GOING TO CONFRONT PARILLO WITH THE EVIDENCE, BUT HE MUST HAVE KNOWN—

—AND SO HE KNOCKED HER OFF! THEN HE CAME FOR YOU, AFTER SHOOTING AT DOMINICK AND ME! BUT THE ARRIVAL OF TRENA BLAIR'S FATHER, WHO WAS SEEKING REVENGE, SAVED YOU.

WELL, THIS CASE IS CLOSED!

BUT HOW COME YOU SUSPECTED PARILLO FROM THE START?

HE SAID HIS HAT BLEW INTO THE LAKE. THAT WAS A LIE — BECAUSE THE WIND HAS BEEN BLOWING OFF THE LAKE ALL NIGHT AND IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THE HAT TO DO AS HE SAID!

L  
A  
T  
E  
R

THE END

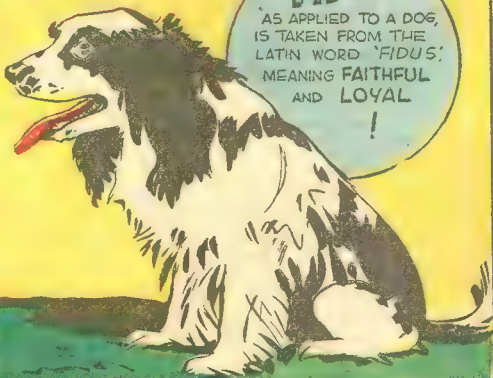
CLIFF YOUNG

# TRUE-ISMS

HENRY  
BOUTWELL



**SPUD, THE**  
NICKNAME FOR  
POTATOES, WAS  
DERIVED FROM THE  
INITIALS OF AN OLD  
DIETETIC SOCIETY:  
**SOCIETY FOR THE**  
**PREVENTION OF**  
**UNWHOLESOME DIET**



# FIREWORKS

645

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FOR  
ONLY**

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## Norme

**Address** \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

PENNY NAME AND ADDRESS PLAINLY PASTE ON PENNY PORTAL AND MAIL

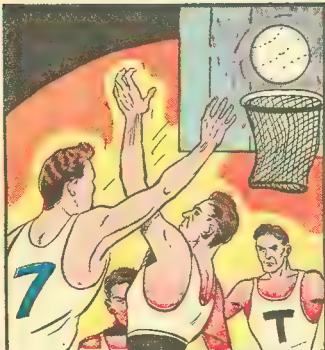


# SPEED SAUNDERS

ACE INVESTIGATOR

*Win*

ONE OF SPEED'S MOST UNUSUAL CASES BEGAN AT A BASKETBALL GAME IN THE CITY...



WILLIAM PHELPS, NATIONALLY KNOWN SPORTING FIGURE...

SOMEONE TO SEE YOU, MR. PHELPS/MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE YOU!

EH? LOOKS LIKE ME? I'LL SEE HIM!



JOE - YOU!

ME - THE GUY YOU SENT TO JAIL! NOW I'M OUT -



LET'S FIND A PLACE WHERE WE CAN TALK!

THAT'S OKAY BY ME. I WANT TO TALK, TOO!



HERE'S TO US. A GOOD PARTNERSHIP, AT LAST!

NOW, LISTEN, JOE - YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! I - MY BUSINESS ISN'T GOOD -



I GOT PLENTY AGAINST YOU, BILL. YOU RUINED MY LIFE - SENT ME TO JAIL NOW - I WANT MY CUT!

TAKE IT EASY, JOE! MEET ME AFTER THE GAME TONIGHT. WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO!



TWO HOURS LATER IN SPEED SAUNDERS' OFFICE...

HELLO, YES, THIS IS SAUNDERS. WHO? MAN NAMED BILL PHELPS FOUND DEAD? I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!



HE BRINGS THE CORONER WITH HIM.

SPEAKING ABOUT CONVICTS,  
DID YOU EVER KNOW  
THEY'RE QUITE SUPERSTITIOUS  
ABOUT TAKING A TAXICAB?

NO, IS THAT A FACT?



A SURVEY SHOWED THAT  
CONVICTS WHO TAKE TAXIS AFTER  
THEY GET OUT-RETURN TO JAIL.  
THAT'S WHY THEY WON'T TAKE ONE.

HUH - WELL,  
LIVE AND LEARN!



ISN'T THIS CHAP  
PHELPS THE BIG  
GAMBLER -- ?  
PLENTY OF  
MONEY AND  
ALL THAT?

THAT'S RIGHT.  
I HEARD  
SOMETHING  
ABOUT A  
BLACK SHEEP  
OF A BROTHER  
WHOM HE  
SENT TO  
JAIL SOME  
YEARS AGO-



LOOKS LIKE SUICIDE  
TO ME. GUN IN  
HIS HAND - NO  
ONE SEEN AROUND -



TEST IT FOR FINGERPRINTS -  
WE HAVE PHELPS'  
TRUE PRINTS ON RECORD  
AT HEADQUARTERS -

I'LL TAKE  
IT THERE  
RIGHT AWAY,  
MR. SAUNDERS!



THIS CERTAINLY CLINCHES IT!  
HERE'S A LETTER IN BILL PHELPS'  
HANDWRITING - ACKNOWLEDGING  
THAT HE SHOT HIMSELF!

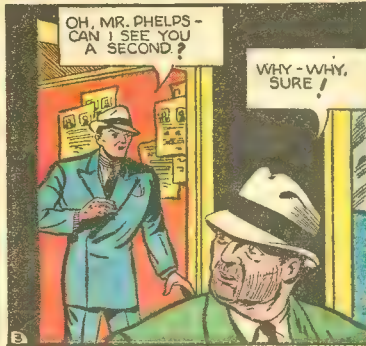


To whom it may  
concern:-  
I have been stealing  
money from my  
firm - over  
\$75,000. Now  
I regret it  
and am going  
to kill myself.  
William  
Phelps

I GUESS IT'S ROUTINE!  
SUICIDE ALL RIGHT!

POWDER BURNS SHOW  
THE GUN WAS FIRED  
CLOSE TO THE HEAD!  
I THINK THE  
DIAGNOSIS IS - SUICIDE!







I WANT YOU TO LOOK OVER THE PHELPS HOME - IT'LL BE YOURS PRETTY SOON -

HUH? OH, THAT'S RIGHT, ISN'T IT?

OH, TAXI - TAKE US TO WILLIAM PHELPS' HOME ---

I-I DON'T KNOW IF I WANT TO GO THERE AFTER ALL BILL WAS MY TWIN BROTHER!

I THOUGHT YOU COULD FIND SOME SPARE CASH AROUND IN THE HOUSE... IF YOU NEED MONEY IT WILL COME IN HANDY. BY THE WAY, YOU WERE IN PRISON, WEREN'T YOU?

YEAH, BUT I DON'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT IT!

WHY NOT?

HE COULD HAVE SAVED ME - PAID THE FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS I STOLE - BUT - LET'S FORGET IT! YOU'LL THINK I WANTED TO BUMP HIM OFF!

THIS IS JOE PHELPS - WILLIAM'S BROTHER. HE WILL INHERIT THE HOUSE HAVE YOU ANY SPARE CASH ABOUT?

I DON'T THINK SO - BUT I WILL LOOK.

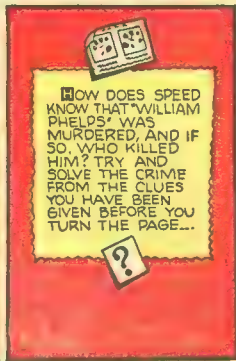
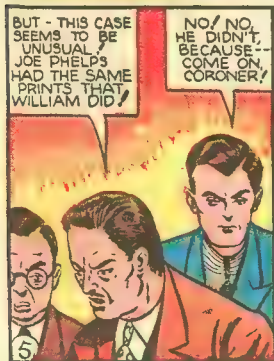
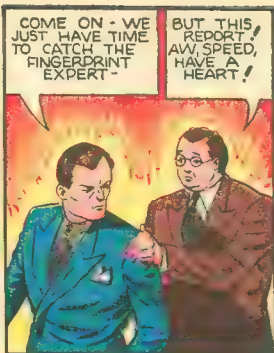
HERE ARE A FEW HUNDRED DOLLARS - KEPT IN CASE OF EMERGENCY -

GOOD. LET'S HAVE IT!

TWO-HUNDRED AND FIFTY! THANKS A LOT, MR. SAUNDERS! THIS WILL TIDE ME OVER SWELL UNTIL I CAN SELL THE HOUSE -

WELL, I'LL BE SEEING YOU -

POOR FELLOW - HE'S ON HIS UPPERS... I FEEL SORT OF SORRY FOR HIM!



GET THAT THING OUT  
OF MY FACE! I TELL  
YOU-THIS IS  
**MURDER!**

SPEED, YOU'RE  
**CRAZY!**

ALL RIGHT,  
WISE GUY-  
WHO IS THE  
MURDERER?

**WILLIAM  
PHELPS!**

THAT'S SILLY!  
WILLIAM  
PHELPS IS THE  
GUY THAT  
WAS KILLED!

NO, IT  
WAS **JOE**  
PHELPS  
WHO WAS  
KILLED-AND  
WILLIAM  
PHELPS  
DID IT!

STICK 'EM UP, WILLIAM  
PHELPS! YOU PULLED A  
CLEVER MURDER - BUT  
THE FACT THAT YOU  
WILLINGLY RODE IN A  
TAXI SHOWED ME YOU  
WERENT A FORMER CONVICT.

**WHAT!  
ME?  
MURDER  
?!?**

THE FACT THAT YOU  
HAD A TWIN BROTHER  
GAVE YOU A SWELL  
CHANCE TO GET OUT  
OF THAT \$75,000  
SHORTAGE ON THE  
BOOKS OF YOUR ONE  
LEGITIMATE BUSI-  
NESS THAT WENT  
TO PAY YOUR  
RACING DEBTS!

YOU, WILLIAM PHELPS, KILLED  
YOUR BROTHER-DRESSED HIM  
IN YOUR PLACE - WROTE  
THAT SUICIDE NOTE -  
YOUR FINGERPRINTS WERE  
ON THE GUN - OH,  
IT WAS PERFECT!

IF I HADN'T HAD  
YOUR PRINTS ON MY  
CIGAR HUMIDOR, I  
COULDN'T HAVE CHECKED  
ON YOU SO FAST-

TELL IT TO THE  
JUDGE SAUNDERS,  
I KNOW HOW  
I DID IT!

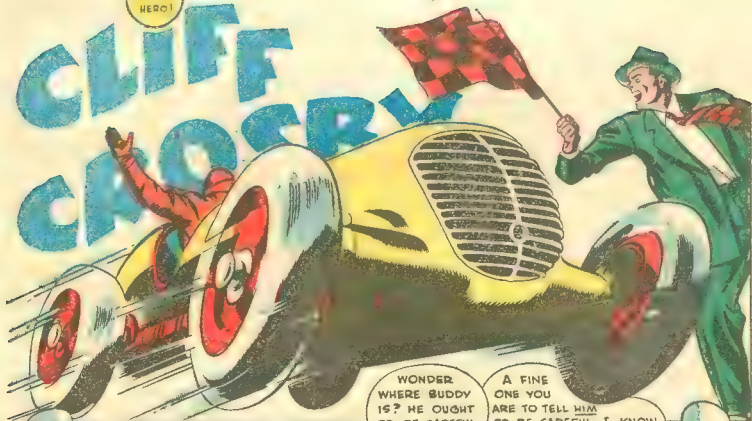
SUICIDE REPORT-BAH! I  
SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!  
NOW I GOT TO MAKE  
OUT ANOTHER REPORT!

**THE  
END**



YOUNG  
AMERICA'S  
HERO!

# CLIFF CROCKERY



WONDER  
WHERE BUDDY  
IS? HE OUGHT  
TO BE CAREFUL-

A FINE  
ONE YOU  
ARE TO TELL HIM  
TO BE CAREFUL. I KNOW  
YOU RACED WITH HIM IN  
HIS PRACTICE SPINE.

## RACING WITH DEATH!

■ IS EVENT OF THE RACING SEASON  
FOR MAYVILLE — THE ANNUAL RACING  
CAR EVENT IN WHICH BUDDY HART, THE  
LOCAL SPEEDBOY WONDER, IS ENTERED.  
AS EDITOR OF THE RECORD, CLIFF IS  
ON HAND TO SEE THAT THINGS ARE  
REPORTED PROMPTLY . . . . .!



by  
CHAD

RACING AT A HUNDRED  
AND FIFTY MILES PER  
HOUR! SUPPOSE A TIRE  
BURST?

I HAD TO  
GET A STORY, DIDN'T I?  
AND I DID, BEING IN  
THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF A  
HIGH-POWERED CAR.

HIYA, BUDDY? GOOD  
LUCK, BOY! THERE'S  
PLENTY OF MONEY  
SET AGAINST YOU.

I'VE WON THE FAIR  
RACE FOR THE  
PAST TWO YEARS.  
WHY NOT AGAIN?

DOWN FLASHES THE CHECK-  
ERED FLAG! THE CARS START!



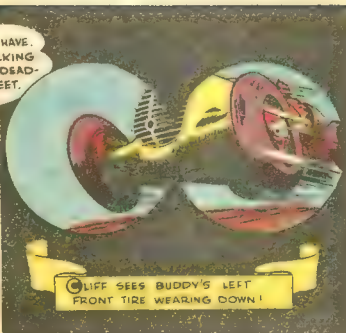
ROUND AND ROUND GO THE  
FLEET, ROARING CARS....



IN THE STANDS....

BUDDY LEADS AT THE FIRST TWENTY MILES! GOT THAT?

SURE I HAVE. KEEP TALKING WE'VE A DEAD-LINE TO MEET.



CLIFF SEES BUDDY'S LEFT FRONT TIRE WEARING DOWN!

HE'S HAVING HIS TIRE FIXED. NOW HE'S GOING FOR A DRINK OF WATER. GET THAT PHOTO. HUMAN INTEREST TOUCH!



NOT ONLY A STAR REPORTER, BUT THE EDITOR'S CHIEF RIGHT HAND. AND NOW A PHOTOGRAPHER! I OUGHT TO GET A RAISE!



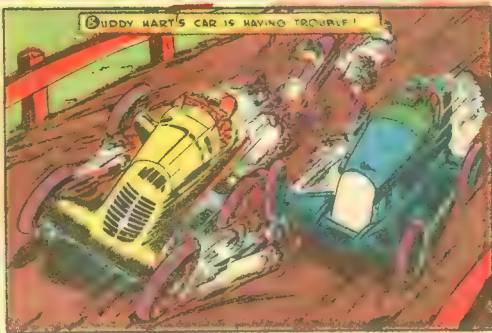
!!HALF AN HOUR LATER...

SOME CHANCE, I HAVE.

STOP GRUMBELING. SOMETHING'S HAPPENING DOWN THERE!



BUDDY HART'S CAR IS HAVING TROUBLE!



CLIFF SEES THE DRIVER'S  
FACE DISTORTED BY PAIN.



WHERE ARE  
YOU GOING?

BUDDY'S IN TROUBLE!  
I'VE DRIVEN HIS CAR IN  
PRACTICE, SO I'M TAKING  
OVER NOW!



HERE'S HOPING I  
LAND RIGHT!



MUST BE A WEAK  
HEART, CLIFF!

DON'T FOOL  
YOURSELF!

CLIFF LANDS  
RIGHT IN  
THE SEAT...



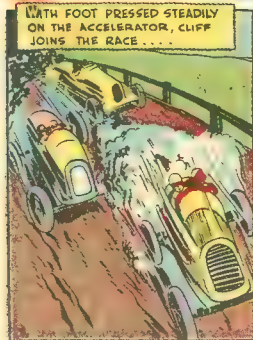
I'LL TAKE A  
LOOK AT HIM,  
CLIFF.

I'M GOING TO FINISH THIS RACE  
FOR BUDDY. HIS CAR WILL WIN IT!

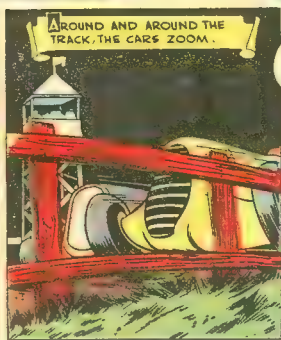
AND I'M RIDING  
WITH YOU!



WITH FOOT PRESSED STEADILY  
ON THE ACCELERATOR, CLIFF  
JOINS THE RACE...



AROUND AND AROUND THE  
TRACK, THE CARS ZOOM.

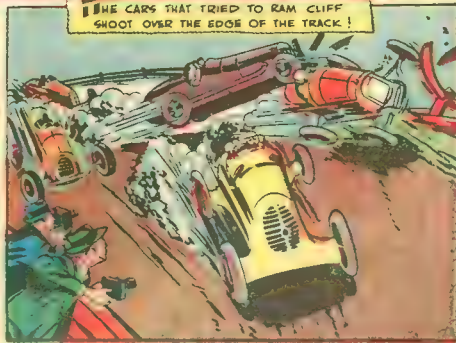
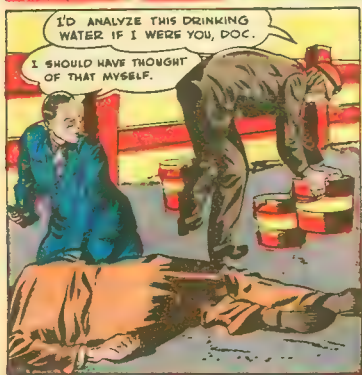


WHEN HE RIDES IN  
FOR NEW TIRES...

THE DOCTOR SAYS IT WAS  
MURDER, EH? THOUGHT SO.  
NOW LISTEN, THIS IS WHAT  
I WANT YOU TO DO—









YOU ACTUALLY MEAN - YOU KNOW WHO DID IT?

IF I'M RIGHT - ONLY ONE MAN COULD HAVE DONE IT! NOW, LET'S SEE -



HYDROCYANIC ACID, PRUSSIC ACID. ACTS FROM FIVE TO FIFTEEN MINUTES. RARELY OVER TEN MINUTES. I'M RIGHT!



RIGHT. ARREST HIM! AND I'LL BE DOWN WITH PROOF OF THE MURDER.

AND I'M RIGHT IN WITH THE EXCLUSIVE STORY!

**YIPPEE!**



AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS ....

AS DISTRICT ATTORNEY, I HAD THE MAN PICKED UP - BUT WHAT PROOF HAVE YOU?

THE PROOF OF LOGIC! LISTEN...



PRUSSIC ACID WAS USED TO KILL HIM. IT ACTS WITHIN FIFTEEN MINUTES. BUDDY TOOK HIS DRINK OF WATER AT THREE-FOURTEEN. OUR CAMERA RECORDS THE TIME OF ITS PICTURES WITH AN AUTOMATIC TIMING DEVICE -



HE THEN HOPPED INTO HIS CAR AND DROVE IT FOR OVER HALF AN HOUR BEFORE HE DIED. SOMETHING FUNNY THERE. IF THAT WATER WAS POISONED WHEN HE DRANK IT, HE WOULD HAVE DIED SOONER!



THE ONLY MAN WHO COULD HAVE POISONED BUDDY WAS THE MAN WHO RODE BESIDE HIM - HIS MECHANIC!... BY SPRAYING A WATER PISTOL FILLED WITH PRUSSIC ACID. IN THE EXCITEMENT OF THE RACE, BUDDY WAS GULPING DOWN AIR - AND PRUSSIC ACID IS MOST EFFECTIVE WHEN INHALED.



YOU'RE RIGHT, CROSBY. I KNEW BUDDY WAS THE FAVORITE, SO I KILLED HIM TO WIN DOUGH ON SOMEBODY ELSE. WHEN YOU TOOK HIS PLACE I KNEW EVERYBODY'D BE WATCHIN' US, SO I EMPTIED MY GUN IN THE WATER PAIL - AND PLAYED INNOCENT. BUT YOU CAUGHT ME ANYHOW!



**CLIFF CROSBY**  
"YOUNG AMERICA'S HERO"  
APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF  
**DETECTIVE COMICS**



# KILLER'S MISTAKE

by John Woodley

THE cabin stood in a small clearing, a good distance from the main road. It was just the sort of place a bank robber might use for a hideout. For two months now, Ed Bolton of the FBI had been trying to pick up the trail of Killer Sears and yesterday had come the information that a man answering to the fugitive's description had been seen in the neighborhood.

That had been the first surprise. The second came when Bolton, checking back with his headquarters in Washington, had learned that the old woman who owned the house had a criminal record. And she was the stepmother of Killer Sears!

Bolton approached the house carefully, his .45 resting lightly in its shoulder holster. If Sears was there, Bolton knew, only the man quicker on the trigger could leave.

A feeble voice answered his knock. There was only one room in the cabin. It contained a bed, on which an old woman lay, coughing, the bedclothes in disorder. A rude table and a couple of chairs completed the room.

She looked weak and white lying there and Bolton felt a twinge of compassion for her. His sharp eyes searched the room as he warmed his hands over the crackling fire in the fireplace. No closet, no other room. He stated his mission evenly and calmly. "We're going to get him," he said. "And nothing will stop us. So if you know where he is, it will save time and trouble."

"You think I'm hiding him?" she gasped. "I'm not—I went straight a long time ago. I'm sick and old now..." Her breath came in gasps and she sank back exhausted on the pillow. "I'm all right," she said. "Let me alone. I haven't been out of this bed since last night. I need rest."

"I'll get some water for you,"

Bolton persisted. "You need it."

"No, get out! And take your tin badge with you!" Her voice rose to a hysterical pitch. "Get out—get out! I'm going straight, I tell you."

At the door, he turned. "Okay. I believe you. Just let us know if that rat shows up. Goodbye."

Outside, he walked swiftly from the house, in the direction of the main road. Once out of sight of the cabin, he turned suddenly, skirted the clearing and approached the cabin from the rear. This time, the .45 revolver was in his hand.

He passed the curtained window on the side of the house and, bent down, approached the front door. His nerves taut, he listened as voices murmured through the door. The next instant, his foot crashed against the door. The lock gave with a grinding noise as Bolton catapulted himself into the room.

Killer Sears moved with the

speed of a cat as his hand snaked to his shoulder holster and brought out a murderous-looking gun. Bolton's bullet tore through the killer's wrist. His fist crashed into Sears's snarling face, sent the bank robber senseless into the wall. In less than an instant, Bolton snapped a cuff on the Killer's good wrist.

Bolton hauled him to his feet, turned to the woman. "Let me thank you for the warning. But before I take this rat out, I'd like you to know I knew he was here, possibly hiding under the bed." He smiled as the woman's eyes widened. "You remember," he added, "you told me you hadn't been out of bed since last night?" His hand indicated the crackling blaze. "So I knew you hadn't kept that fire up."

He yanked Sears toward the door. "You should have stayed cold, Killer," he said. "Because you won't like the hot seat you're going to get!"

## BOOK REVIEW

"TOM SAWYER ABROAD" by Mark Twain

*"Read a good book every month"*

THIS book tells us more of the madcap adventures of Tom Sawyer and his friend, Huckleberry Finn!

As our story opens, Tom is the hero of the village. He has just returned from a visit to his aunt's farm, where he helped to capture a dangerous criminal. Tom plays up his role of hero for all it's worth, but pretty soon the excitement dies down and Tom looks for new adventures.

He and Huck have heard of an inventor in St. Louis who has invented a BALLOON! Everyone ridicules the inventor when he claims he can travel around the world with it. In those days, such a thing was unheard of!

Well, Tom and Huck were curious, so they set out for St. Louis to see the balloon. Along with the other spectators, they examine the balloon before it takes

off—at the inventor's invitation. He tells the people it works by a "mysterious power" which he alone understands!

Angered at the ridicule which greets his invention, the inventor climbs hurriedly into the balloon and takes off.

"The idiots!" he mutters. "They said it wouldn't go and they wanted to examine and spy around and get the secret of it out of me! But I beat them! Nobody knows what makes it move but me!"

Unknown to the inventor, Tom and Huck are at that moment hidden in a corner of the balloon. They had been examining a remote part of it when the inventor had suddenly sent it flying in the air.

You can be sure Tom gets a good licking from his Aunt Polly when he finally reaches home!

# SCENE OF THE CRIME

by Clem Gordon

IT'S a good thing most murderers are ignorant where science is concerned," Jed Perkins said. We were seated at one of the tables in Joe Pastomie's restaurant. Jed was the Dispatch's ace crime reporter. His dark brown eyes were half closed in thought. "The perfect murder hasn't been invented yet. Something always turns up to show the killer's hand. This time it was science. In this case of Tommy Beestom. . . .

"Beestom was a Wall Street wizard with a passion for gambling. He belonged to a private club where, once or twice weekly, he dropped a couple of hundred dollars in the first few hours of a poker game. But always before the game ended, Tommy regained his original losses, plus a hundred or so more.

"One night Tommy began to lose, and this losing streak con-



tinued until he had lost thousands. Now Tommy always played poker with the same four men. The night of the murder he accused one of them, Ralph Merchants, of cheating. Merchants demanded an apology which Tommy reluctantly offered. The game broke up, however, for each of the men felt too uncomfortable at Tommy's heated words to continue the friendly game of cards.

"Tommy said he needed some fresh air. Merchants accompanied him, as he told the police,

to clear up any unpleasantness that might have arisen between them.

"Then it happened. The street lights, Merchants explained, were dim, and he couldn't see the assailant. Springing from a doorway, gun in hand, he ordered them to hand over their wallets. Tommy sprang for the thief, who pulled the trigger. Tommy stumbled. He did not fall until he reached the curb. Then he sank to the pavement, dead. The moment the fatal bullet took its toll, Merchants seized advantage of the gunman's interest in the lifeless body to dart around the corner for help. He found a policeman and together they ran back to the scene of the crime. The thief had disappeared. Tommy lay sprawled on the sidewalk.

"His money was still in his pocket, and the police concluded that the assailant, rather than risk capture, had gone off without his loot.

"Except for modern science, the case would have gone on the books as unsolved. But blood reveals more than you'd suspect! Because Beestom's bloodstains were round, Merchants was arrested on the charge of murder!"

I looked sharply at Jed. "Look here," I protested, "how could the police arrest Merchants just because Tommy's bloodstains were round? Sounds crazy to me!"

"That's where science—serology to be exact—enters the picture." He explained patiently. "When the shape of the bloodstains was known, it was evident that Merchants had lied. Tommy had been shot while standing still. Evidently, he had confronted Merchants with proof that he was a card-sharp. Merchants, desperate, decided to silence Tommy forever. After disposing of the gun, he soaked his handkerchief in Tommy's blood and carefully allowed the blood to drop on different sections of

the pavement to make it appear that Tommy had run along the sidewalk.

"But while manufacturing this evidence to coincide with the alleged story of the thief, Merchants stood very still and took careful aim wherever he spilled the blood. He did not drop any while he walked. And that's why he's under arrest today. He didn't know that a man standing still leaves round bloodstains, but when a wounded man runs the blood spots that trace his course are slightly elongated."

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**HIG CHIEF WAHOO Dept. 14, Toledo, Ohio**

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# Steve MALONE

DISTRICT  
ATTORNEY

By  
DON LYNCH

©OUTSIDE THE BROADVIEW THEATRE ON  
OPENING NIGHT...



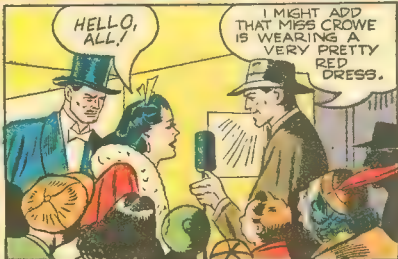
THE RADIO IS ON HAND TO WELCOME  
THE CELEBRITIES...

HERE COMES ANITA  
CROWE, THE AUTHORESS! I'LL  
HAVE HER SAY HELLO TO  
YOU.

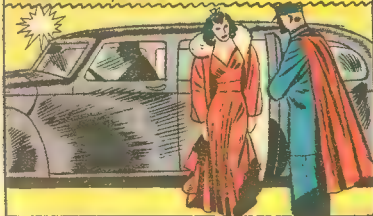


HELLO,  
ALL!

I MIGHT ADD  
THAT MISS CROWE  
IS WEARING A  
VERY PRETTY  
RED  
DRESS.



THE NEXT CAR DRIVES UP TO THE CURB  
AND ANOTHER GIRL, DRESSED EXACTLY  
LIKE ANITA, STEPS DOWN.

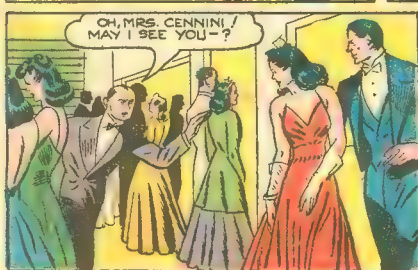


AND NOW, MARTA CENNINI, WIFE OF  
THE VIOLINIST WHO IS TO PLAY FOR US  
TO-NIGHT.....AND FAMOUS IN HER  
OWN RIGHT AS A BROADWAY  
COLUMNIST.

HELLO,  
THERE!

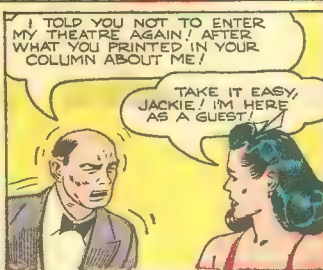


OH, MRS. CENNINI!  
MAY I SEE YOU-?



I TOLD YOU NOT TO ENTER  
MY THEATRE AGAIN! AFTER  
WHAT YOU PRINTED IN YOUR  
COLUMN ABOUT ME!

TAKE IT EASY,  
JACKIE! I'M HERE  
AS A GUEST!



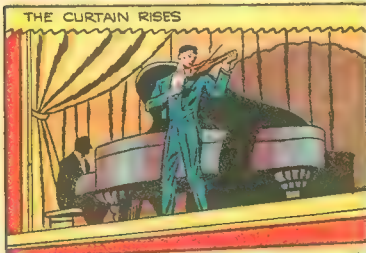


THAT WOMAN /  
CHEERFULLY, I WOULD  
KILL HER!

BY A COINCIDENCE, MARTA CENNINI AND ANITA  
CROWE SIT SIDE BY SIDE .....

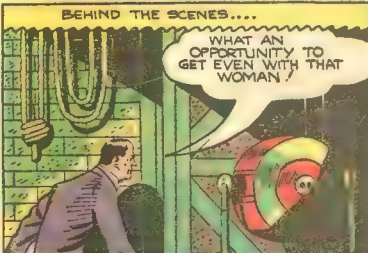


THE CURTAIN RISES

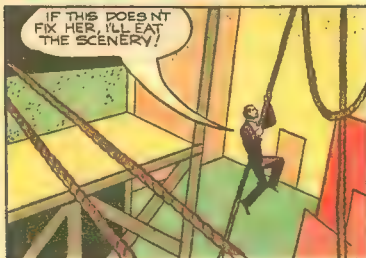


BEHIND THE SCENES....

WHAT AN  
OPPORTUNITY TO  
GET EVEN WITH THAT  
WOMAN!



IF THIS DOESNT  
FIX HER, I'LL EAT  
THE SCENERY!

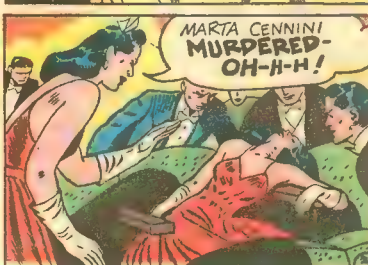


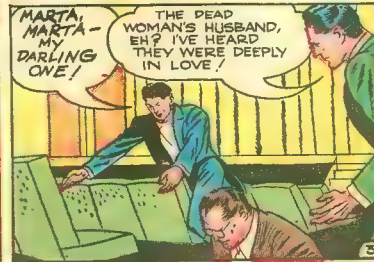
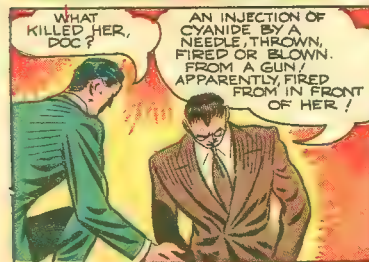
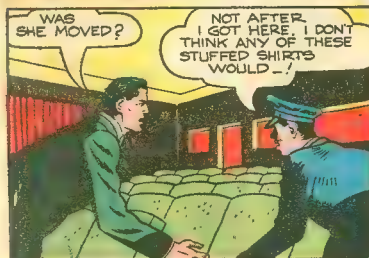
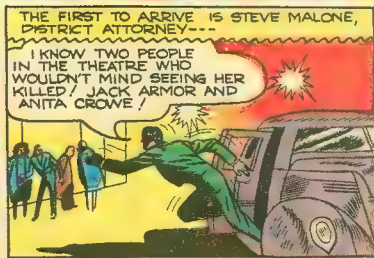
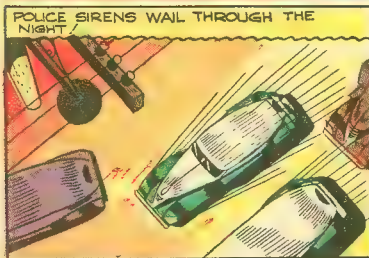
THERE IS A SCREAM IN THE  
AUDIENCE.....

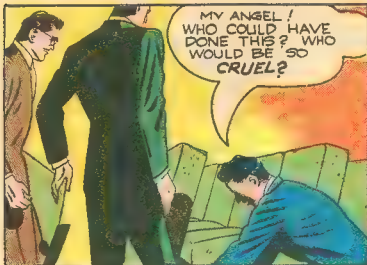
EEEE  
LOOK! THAT  
WOMAN- DEAD!



MARTA CENNINI-  
MURDERED-  
OH-H-H!





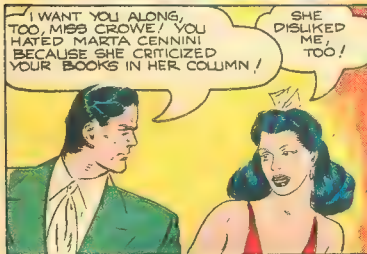


MY ANGEL!  
WHO COULD HAVE  
DONE THIS? WHO  
WOULD BE SO  
CRUEL?



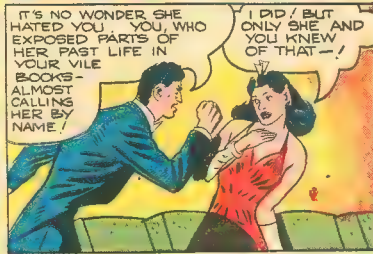
YOU'VE GOT TO FIND  
OUT WHO KILLED HER!  
YOU'VE GOT TO —!

I'LL DO MY  
BEST. SUPPOSE  
WE ALL GO  
BACKSTAGE?



I WANT YOU ALONG,  
TOO, MISS CROWE. YOU  
HATED MARTA CENNINI  
BECAUSE SHE CRITICIZED  
YOUR BOOKS IN HER COLUMN!

SHE  
DISLIKED  
ME,  
TOO!



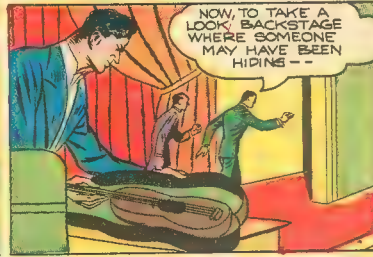
IT'S NO WONDER SHE  
HATED YOU — YOU, WHO  
EXPOSED PARTS OF  
HER PAST LIFE IN  
YOUR VILE  
BOOKS —  
ALMOST  
CALLING  
HER BY  
NAME!

I DID! BUT  
ONLY SHE AND  
YOU KNEW  
OF THAT —!

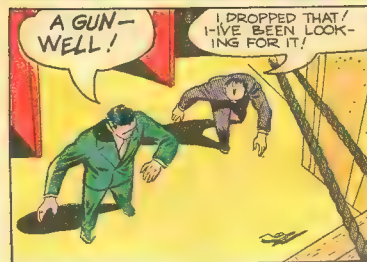


THESE ARTISTS AND  
AUTHORS ARE PRETTY  
TEMPERAMENTAL,  
AREN'T THEY?

ANITA AND  
CENNINI HATE  
EACH OTHER! THEY  
HAVE FOR A LONG  
TIME!

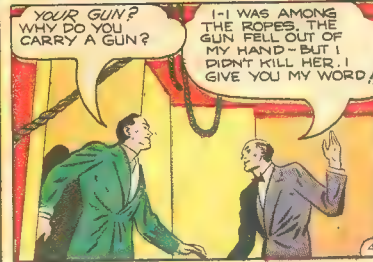


NOW, TO TAKE A  
LOOK, BACKSTAGE  
WHERE SOMEONE  
MAY HAVE BEEN  
HIDING —



A GUN —  
WELL!

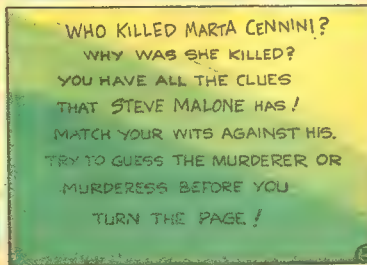
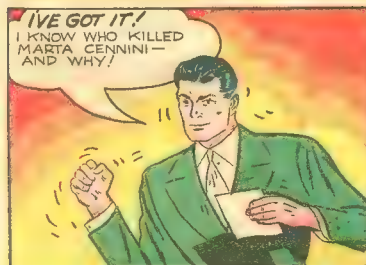
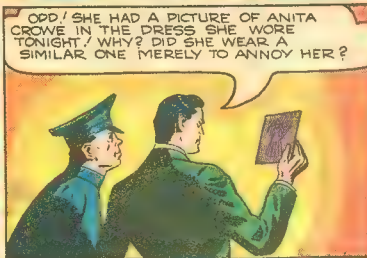
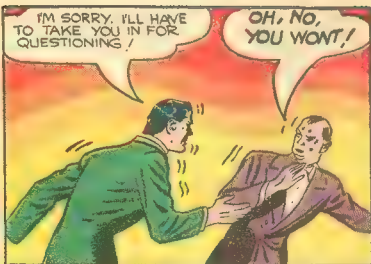
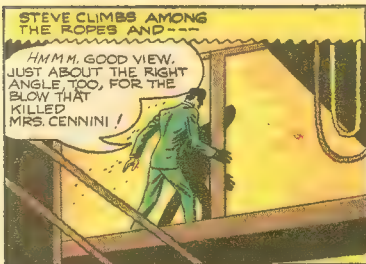
I DROPPED THAT!  
I-IVE BEEN LOOK-  
ING FOR IT!



YOUR GUN?  
WHY DO YOU  
CARRY A GUN?

I-I WAS AMONG  
THE ROPES. THE  
GUN FELL OUT OF  
MY HAND — BUT I  
DIDN'T KILL HER. I  
GIVE YOU MY WORD!





ALL RIGHT, FOLKS! WE'LL GO OVER THE FACTS TOGETHER! FIRST OF ALL, WE'LL CONSIDER ANITA CROWE!



YOU AND MARTA CENNINI DESPISED EACH OTHER. IN YOUR BOOKS AND IN HER COLUMN, YOU SNARLED AT EACH OTHER! YOU HAD A MOTIVE, AND YOU COULD HAVE DRIVEN THE DEATH WEAPON INTO HER THROAT!

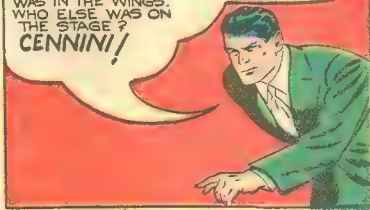


BUT YOU DIDN'T DO IT! I REASONED THAT SOMEONE WOULD HAVE SEEN YOU AND VOLUNTEERED THE INFORMATION. THAT BRINGS US TO OUR OTHER SUSPECT, JACK ARMOUR.



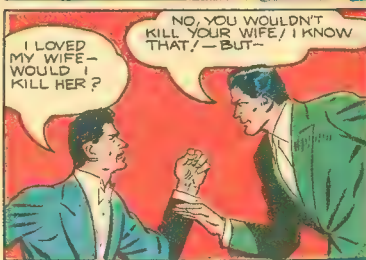
WE KNOW THAT THE DEATH WEAPON CAME FROM THE STAGE. THE MANAGER OF THE THEATRE SUPPOSEDLY WAS IN THE WINGS. WHO ELSE WAS ON THE STAGE?

**CENNINI!**

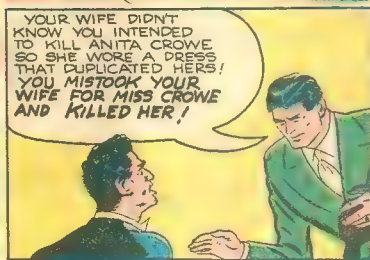


I LOVED MY WIFE— WOULD I KILL HER?

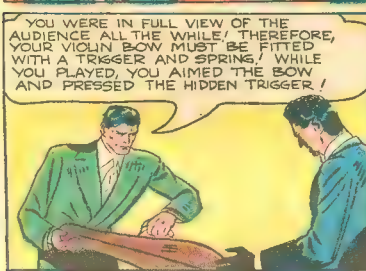
NO, YOU WOULDN'T KILL YOUR WIFE! I KNOW THAT! — BUT —



YOUR WIFE DIDN'T KNOW YOU INTENDED TO KILL ANITA CROWE SO SHE WORE A DRESS THAT DUPLICATED HERS! YOU MISTOOK YOUR WIFE FOR MISS CROWE AND KILLED HER!



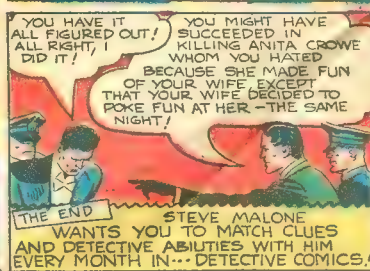
YOU WERE IN FULL VIEW OF THE AUDIENCE ALL THE WHILE! THEREFORE, YOUR VIOLIN BOW MUST BE FITTED WITH A TRIGGER AND SPRING! WHILE YOU PLAYED, YOU AIMED THE BOW AND PRESSED THE HIDDEN TRIGGER!



YOU HAVE IT ALL FIGURED OUT! ALL RIGHT, I DID IT!

YOU MIGHT HAVE SUCCEEDED IN KILLING ANITA CROWE WHOM YOU HATED

BECAUSE SHE MADE FUN OF YOUR WIFE EXCEPT THAT YOUR WIFE DECIDED TO POKE FUN AT HER — THE SAME NIGHT!



THE END

STEVE MALONE WANTS YOU TO MATCH CLUES AND DETECTIVE ABILITIES WITH HIM EVERY MONTH IN... DETECTIVE COMICS!

# SLAM BRADLEY

EXCITEMENT-  
OPENING NIGHT AT  
A BROADWAY  
MUSICAL COMEDY.  
GLAMOUR, LILTING  
MUSIC- AND A  
KILLER- STRIKES  
UNAWARE THAT  
IN THE AUDIENCE  
SITS SLAM  
BRADLEY FAMED  
PRIVATE  
DETECTIVE AND  
HIS AIDE SHORTY  
MORGAN.

JERRY SIEGEL  
AND  
HOWARD SHERMAN



BOY-OH-  
BOY, WHAT  
A SHOW!  
THIS'LL BE  
A SURE  
HIT.

YOU  
SAID  
IT, BUT  
NOT  
SO  
LOUD  
OTHER  
PEOPLE  
WANT TO  
ENJOY  
THIS.

SLAM, SORRY  
TO INTERRUPT.  
CAN YOU COME  
BACKSTAGE  
A MINUTE?

THAT'S  
MY CUE,  
TOO.

NICE SHOW  
YOU GOT  
HERE.

I KNOW  
IT, MY  
BIGGEST  
HIT IN  
YEARS,  
BUT MY  
STAR  
SINGER,  
MARLA  
PRESCOTT  
HAS JUST  
BEEN FOUND  
DEAD!





SLAM AND SHORTY ACCOMPANY THE DISTRAUGHT PRODUCER BACKSTAGE.

IT'S THIS WAY

NO SMOKING

I'M WITH YOU.

THERE SHE IS, THE POISON TOO. I DON'T SEE WHY SHE KILLED HERSELF.

HERE, ROBERTS, LOOK AT THIS. THE BOTTLE HASN'T EVEN BEEN OPENED! THIS GIRL'S BEEN MURDERED!

THE AUTHORITIES SHOULD BE NOTIFIED MEANWHILE. NO ONE BACKSTAGE IS TO LEAVE THIS THEATRE UNTIL I'VE QUESTIONED EVERYBODY. NOW, EVERYONE BUT SHORTY CLEAR OUT.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING - A SCENE FROM UNCLE TOM'S CABIN?

SSH! THERE'S SOMEONE IN THAT CLOSET.

AT SHORTY'S WORDS, A FIGURE BOLTS FROM THE WARDROBE

HEY, COME BACK HERE!

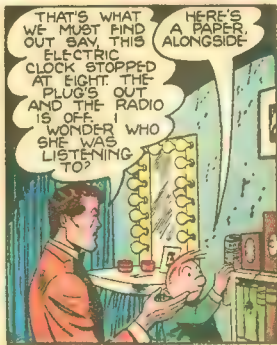
WELL, WHO ARE YOU? WHAT WERE YOU DOING THERE?

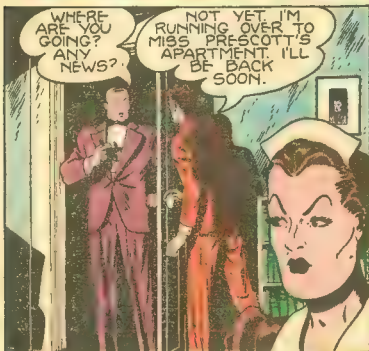
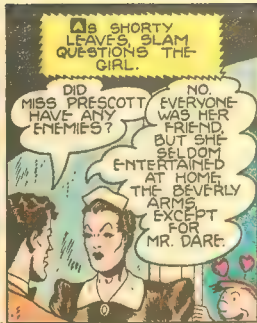
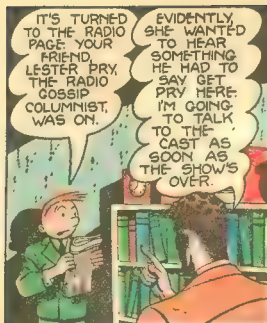
AH'S RASTUS, SIR. AH, AIN' DONE NUFFIN' MISTUH DARE. HE DONE SEND ME HERE TO PICK UP A NOTE

DARE, EH? HE'S ONE OF THE STARS, ISN'T HE? GIVE ME THAT NOTE!

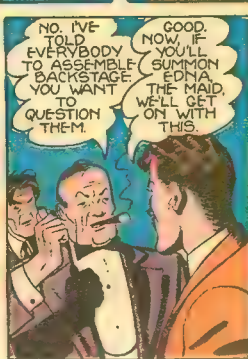
YOWSAH, BOSS. I AIN'T DECIDIN' TO INTERFERE WID DE LAW, NO SUH

Dearest-  
Why do you  
say you cannot  
meet me tonight  
because you are  
afraid? Please  
remember I love  
you, no matter  
what has happened  
Dear.

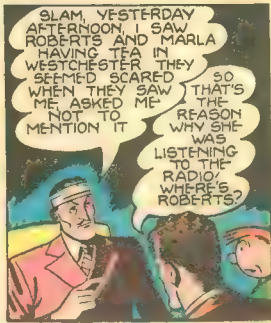




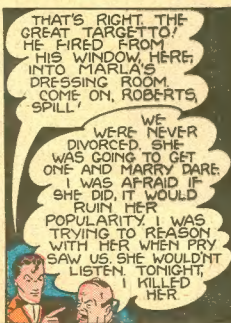
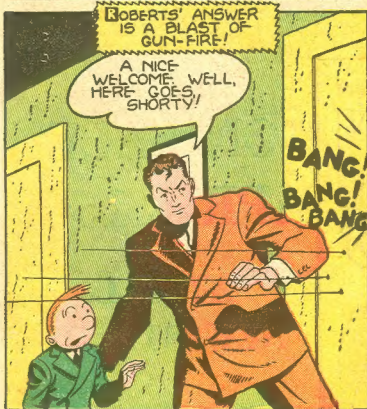




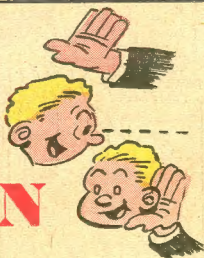








**STOP  
LOOK  
LISTEN**

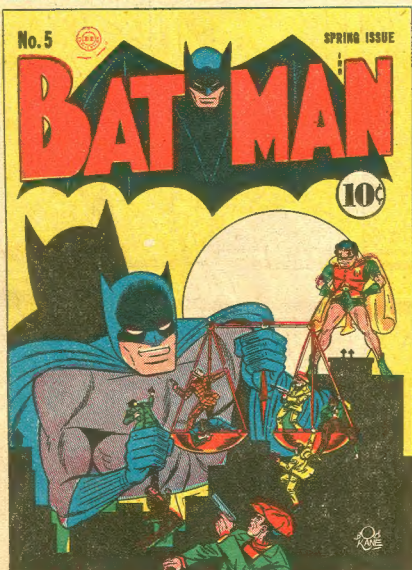


**AT YOUR  
NEWSDEALER'S**

**AT ALL THE  
OTHER FELLERS**

**TO THE EXCITED  
COMMENT ABOUT**

# **BATMAN NO. 5**



**ON SALE  
APRIL 15th**

**AT ALL  
NEWSSTANDS**

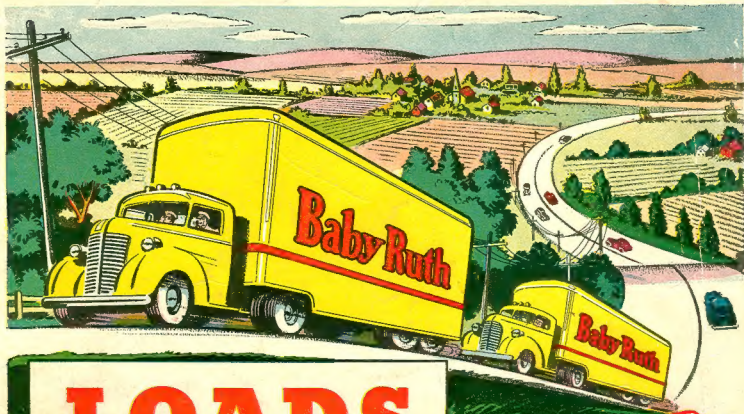
**64  
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COLOR**

**MORE WHIRLWIND ADVENTURES  
OF BATMAN AND ROBIN!**









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NEITHER the giant trucks that rumble over the highways nor our own bodies function properly without abundant energy.

The trucks obtain their energy from the gasoline they burn. Our bodies get their energy by burning food.

To replace used-up energy you'll find few foods as welcome and delicious at all times as tasty appealing Curtiss BABY RUTH Candy. Rich in DEXTROSE, the sugar your body uses directly for energy, BABY RUTH helps overcome hunger and fatigue between meals and when body sugar is low. Always keep a luscious BABY RUTH handy . . . so much for so little . . . 5 cents.

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



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## Energy ANYTIME

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*Rich in*  
**DEXTROSE**

*the Sugar Your Body Uses Directly for Energy*

**SWELL  
EATIN'  
ANYTIME**



**CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD . . . ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY**